Thomas A. Edison Papers Digital Edition

Edison-Miller Family Records

Edison-Ford Winter Estates, Fort Myers, Fla.

[X104V-F] Miller, Edward B.

Edison-Miller Family Papers

Title

[X104V-F] Miller, Edward B.

Description

These letters from Edward Burkett Miller (1859-1936) to his mother, Mary Valinda Miller, are from November 1890 and October 1902. The first letter, written from the Hotel del Monte in Monterey, California, announces Edward's intentions to return to San Francisco and then take the train to Portland, Oregon. The second letter, written from Sudbury, Ontario, describes Edward's visit to Camp Edison, where his brother John Vincent Miller was supervising magnetic surveys, diamond drilling operations, and nickel searches in the Sudbury district.

These two letters were added in August 2012.

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Alternative Title

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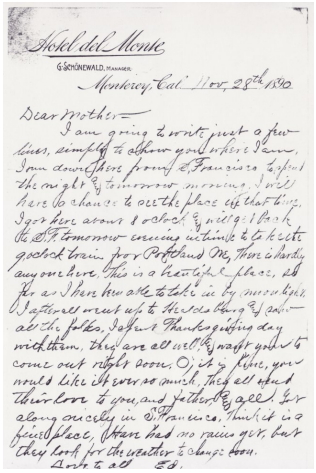

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[X104VA], Letter from Edward Burkett Miller to Mary Valinda (Mrs Lewis) Miller, November 28th, 1890

Title
[X104VA], Letter from Edward Burkett Miller to Mary Valinda (Mrs Lewis) Miller, November 28th, 1890

Author
Miller, Edward Burkett

Recipient
Miller, Mary Valinda (Mrs Lewis)

Date
1890-11-28

Type
Letter

Subject

- Edison-Miller family
- Travel

Folder ID
X104V-F

Document ID
X104VA

URL
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Timestamp
28 November 1890

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Hotel del Monte

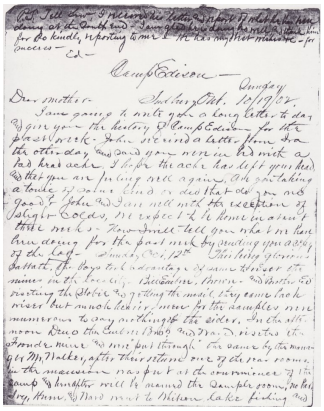
G. SCHÖNEWALD, MANAGER.

Monterey, Cal. Nov. 28th 1890

Dear Mother—

I am going to write just a few lines, simply to show you where I am. I am down here from S. Francisco to spend the night & tomorrow morning. I will have a chance to see the place in that time. I got here about 8 o'clock & will get back to S.F. tomorrow evening in time to take the 9 o'clock train for Portland Or. There is hardly any one here. This is a beautiful place, as far as I have been able to take in by moonlight. I after all went up to Healdsburg & saw all the folks. I spent Thanksgiving day with them, they are all well & want you to come out right soon. O, it is fine, you would like it ever so much. They all send their love to you, and Father, & all. Got along nicely in S. Francisco. Think it is a fine place. I have had no rains yet, but they look for the weather to change soon.

Love to all Ed.



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[X104VB], Letter from Edward Burkett Miller to Mary Valinda (Mrs Lewis) Miller, October 19th, 1902

Title
[X104VB], Letter from Edward Burkett Miller to Mary Valinda (Mrs Lewis) Miller, October 19th, 1902

Author
Miller, Edward Burkett

Recipient
Miller, Mary Valinda (Mrs Lewis)

Mentioned

- Sudbury District (Ontario)
- Miller, John Vincent
- Miller, Ira Mandeville
- Opdyke, Claude Heft

Date
1902-10-19

Type
Letter

Subject

- Edison-Miller family
- Sports, leisure, recreation
- Travel
- Health and medicine
- Ore exploration and mining

Folder ID
X104V-F

Document ID
X104VB

URL
https://edisondigital.rutgers.edu/document/X104VB

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Timestamp
19 October 1902

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P.S. Tell Lew, I received his letter and report of what he has been doing at the South end - I am glad he is doing so well and thank him for so kindly reporting to me - He has my best wishes &c - for success -
Ed -

Camp Edison -

Sudbury, Ont. Sunday 10/19/02.

Dear mother -

I am going to write you a long letter to day and give you the history of Camp Edison for the past week - John received a letter from Ira the other day and said you were in bed sick a bad head ache. I hope the ache has left your head, and that you are feeling well again. Are you taking a tonic of some kind or did that old you no good? John and I are well with the exception of slight colds, we expect to be home in about three weeks - Now I will tell you what we have been doing for the past week by sending you a copy of the log - Sunday, Oct. 12th This being glorious Sabbath, the boys took advantage of same to visit the mines in the locality - Bill Embree, Brown - and Brother Ed visiting the Stobie and getting the mail, they came back wiser but much heavier, more for the samples were numerous to say nothing of the cider. In the afternoon Dave the Embree Bro's and Ira D. visited the Frounder mine and mine "put through" the same by the manager Mr. Walker, after their return one of the rear rooms in the mansion was put at the commence of the camp and hereafter will be named the Sample room, Mc Kay, Irv, Hunt, and Ward went to Whitson Lake fishing and

Ivy caught three fish: he calls them Pike, but we all are of the opinion they were "Suckers", Riley, Potter and Drum were laid up for repairs, which had needed the afternoon to digest his dinner - Mr. Miller and Hearn were absent locating a new camp - Mr. Walker reported seeing a 2000 pound moose and the bunch are now in training for most any distance hurdle or other meet. Altogether we had a fine day - Monday 13th The patter of rain was heard falling gently but firmly on the roof of our shack - The grub worms awoke with happy surprise and to their entire satisfaction the rain continued all through the day - The foreigner was sprung reading, letter writing and practicing the "patter dance". Occasionally a few dimes were committed on the mandolin - Bill Embree, with a self complacent air, made a "quirt" much to the amusement of his companions in guilt - Trix, for want of a better occupation, waged war on a skunk (a dog) that had chosen his abode under our floor, The aroma that ascended to the second floor gave proof of the spirited conflict that was being waged below - While we were at dinner Mr. Miller and Hearn, (Sat) came in from Sudbury laden with fruit, photos and mail, After dinner Mr. Miller made the startling announcement that he had arranged for a Thanksgiving foot-ball game between Camp Edison and Sudbury, and for one hour intense excitement claimed the sunwash for its own, Each man strove to show off his gridiron accomplishments to the best advantage - Lincoln was chosen

(3) for Capt by unanimous vote & immediately a shower of advice & suggestions were fired at him from all sides - The Enthusiastic team lined up behind the shack forgetting the rain & mud & plunged through signal practice for a half an hour in a way right here make Duxbury tremble. Capt. Lincoln showed up well in his official capacity & Riley our star quarter back did excellent work running the team. After supper the double gear tells held a rehearsal-practising for an emergency call(?) 1320 Ed is rapidly developing into a player of no mean ability. (me) The last words that the grub worms were heard to mutter as they crawled into their blankets were, First down, 5 yds. to gain, 1-11-07

Tuesday Oct 14th Immediately upon the call for breakfast J.T. was seen to rush to the window & after a view of the weather to return, murmuring - There is very little frost this morning - Too bad - J.T.

The day was spent in wading through swamps the water is waist deep around - After three gangs having returned to camp a little early, Captain Lincoln called out his glorious(?) team for their daily practice - Marked improvement was noted all along the line & in spite of many stones & stumps on the gridiron the tackling was most fine, all the men seem to hold down their positions very well, Kam. showed especially great dash, working off his excess energy by running some 100 ft. into the bush on every play - With the exception of the football practice there was little doing in camp -

Wednesday Oct 15th Sad & stern days his faithful followers made a submarine survey of Gaston lake. Claude & the rest finished lot 8 - If the fellows that read "Confessions of a Wife", would like to hear something on the same line, get Kam to give you - "Confessions of a Herder man" - At 9.30 P.M. Captain Lincoln ordered all his

men to turn in, so as to be in good shape for the game. So we all said our prayers and turned in.

Thursday 16th Anticipation of our holiday in town or perhaps of bruised heads & battered shins drove sleep from our eyes at an early hour. We awoke only to find that Riley was up before us in fact it is stated on good authority that he did not go to bed at all. We hurried through breakfast for we for the first time were to help make camp. This was no mean task, but under the able guidance of J.V., the many hands did indeed make light work. Meanwhile Robspierre had to wait for the wagons. And whilst tiring of this, started to walk to the Stobie planning to join us en route. The wagons soon appeared and Bundy came with them after an absence of a few days at our next and last camp. He was welcome as usual & therefore so as to take charge of the mooring. We were soon midway & after picking up the rain at the Stobie made a speedy & uneventful trip to town. I thought it remarked in passing that some of the rain were a little the worse for wear owing to sundry glasses of "hard cider" imbibed at the Stobie. I must not forget to mention that on the way in we encountered the omnipresent Furlong who called out to us the familiar greeting "You can't row us!" We all know this to our comrade except perhaps Dad, who has a sort of filial affection for the old people. On reaching town we learned the sorrowful tidings that the cohorts of the Sudbury gridiron had become fearful & were scattered to the four winds of heaven. We feel deep down in our hearts that probably it was the best thing they could do, but we regret very much that we had to give up playing. Of course modesty forbids our saying much about the team, but too much cannot be said in praise of Mr Millers generous treatment of us and the editor of todays issue has been requested to voice the appreciation of the gang - Boys, lets have a long cheer for J.V. Miller!

(5) & Now we come to the dinner. Ye gods! It is beyond our power to do it justice in words - but that we did in fact was evident & The groaning tables speedily emptied, the jaded appearance of the waitresses & last but not least - our difficulty of locomotion, all spoke our appreciation. After an hours repose we adjourned to the rooms of the Boat Club & spent an enjoyable hour at Ping Pong, chess & fussing. At this latter game J. Miller & Lindsley showed especial proficiency with Riley & H Embree close seconds. After Supper we all went to see "Tony the Convict" at Lennon's Opera House - Tony raised so much in the first act that H. Embree had to be taken to the drug store for a Seidlitz powder & after that he made regular trips between the acts. On one of these he says he saw Dad, & Mam'selle in the back row of Pennet Hearn. Possibly his temporary illness had distorted his vision for who ever knew Dad, to go way back & sit down? The play was enthusiastically received & when George Washington Jenks, alias Mary Marjoribanks sang "A Picture from the Life's Other Side" The Edison portion of the audience went wild, Tom up in the gallery appreciated the joke & he says Dad did not dare to look at Mam'selle all through the song - We were told that it was an ancient & established custom after an amateur performance to push back the chairs & dance. Far be it from us to destroy any old traditions, so stay to the dance we did, O boy! I tell you boys! We had a delightful evening. There may be more charming girls in Canada than the Sudbury girls but we don't believe it. All too soon the familiar strains of "Home Sweet Home" reminded us that it was nearly time to start for our new camps, so the party broke; some to reach the Balmoral by devious routes - From alley - the Board Walk

A few choice spirits made a raid on Mr Lennon's store with his full and free permission. It is thought that when the light of day showed the baron down he indulged in vain regrets, Room mmi called to sleep by the roberdibity of Devine who was in exceptionally good spirits. I say all — but Claude says he did not drop a wink listening to Johnnie's marvelous mumblings! "Miss P—"! "Ere her home"! "Drink with Montgomery"! "Lights out!" Friday 17th It was a very sleepy crowd indeed which was awakened by the electrifying titillabulations which sounded through the corridors of the Balmoral at such an early hour this morning. In one or two cases considerable difficulty was experienced in trying to to balance the kits. Most of the party knew that they wouldn't stop just from assuring them they were awake. After the dispatching of the neighborhood was made complaint of dark brown tastes, &c. Breakfast was served early and after a little delay, we boarded the wagon and set out for the new camp, leaving the atmosphere of Sudbury ringing with strains of "Boola Boola" and three cheers for Miss Dent. It is hoped her patients did not suffer any relapse. We passed through Wayside about 10 30 AM, where Prix terrified the felines which happened to be taking a morning stroll along, what he considered our private thoroughfare. We arrived at the Algoma House in Chelmsford in time for our early dinner. Upton and Dennos spent considerable time playing with a small car in the Sawmill. It is hoped that Santa Claus will remember them with a toy wagon or wheelbarrow. After dinner the horses were again brought forth and we proceeded on our way. The road from this point on was pretty much to the bad and we walked a good part of the way, more or less probably more